

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 5

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as
second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.....	27
CHRIST'S CALL TO A GREAT ADVENTURE.....	27
THE STILL HOUR.....	29
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.....	29
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
WHERE NEIGHBORS WORK AND PLAY TO-	
GETHER.....	32
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—	
HOW PHAETON DROVE THE SUN-HORSES....	32
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.....	33
IMPORTANT NOTICES.....	34

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dusk,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

CHRIST'S CALL TO A GREAT ADVENTURE.

*"They were in the way going up to Jerusalem;
and Jesus went before them: and they were
amazed; and as they followed, they were
afraid."*—MARK X. 32.

The conception of the Christian life as
an adventure may be a stranger to some
of us. Christianity may have become to
such a commonplace, conventional routine.
Worshipping in beautiful temples, living
in fair surroundings, and spending per-
haps self-indulgent lives, the feeling comes

over us sometimes that we have not enough of the heroic.

The average Christian experience of to-day holds little of the spirit of adventure.

Well, if we have lost this essence of religious living, we want to recover it.

Reading the Old Testament, we are conscious that the saints of that dispensation were called to tremendous adventures. Think of Abraham, that great pioneer, who went out not knowing whither he went!

And the New Testament, a recent writer tells us, is full of hidden romance.

After all, the hidden is plain on the gospel pages. Jesus offers to a rich young man a splendid adventure, to give up his riches and gain power. Though he declined it, and though even the disciples had to be reminded that with God all things are possible, they themselves were drawn to a great adventure from the moment they heard the call of Jesus by the Galilean lake.

They left all and followed Him. That is the heart of the Christian adventure.

The text sets before us a kind of impressionistic sketch. We see a picture of men going up to Jerusalem.

What was their goal? The cross.

Who was their leader? Jesus, going before them.

Who followed? The twelve and others, treading in the Master's footsteps.

There is also in the picture, most unexpected and most graphic, the fear. They were amazed; they were afraid.

Let us look at all these things and see how they apply to the Christian adventure of to-day.

They were in *the way*. The definite article is used. The early Christians were known as people of *the way*. It was their common designation. It was a hard way, distinct from the way of the world. We have difficulty in drawing distinctions. Our ways are confused, intertwined, mixed up. We have a tendency to avoid peculiarity and to confound our way with the way of the world. But out-and-out disciples have not far to seek. Do they not hear a voice, saying, "*This is the way: walk ye in it*"?

We know what the ascending way meant for Jesus. At its end rose the goal of sacrifice, the cross, then to all human appearances the death of hope, though now we know it meant victory.

Dark was the way, and, at first sight, dark the goal.

Jerusalem must still signify for us the cross as the condition of triumph. Jerusalem is a very large symbol. We think now not of the actual Jerusalem, as did the Crusaders; not of the mediæval conception, "Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest," not that this is obsolete, but that it doesn't appeal to our modern minds.

We want to draw Jerusalem down from the sky to us in the task of building the city of God. We would expand its walls to take in the world.

Not by seeking our own places in the heavenly Jerusalem, but by following through pain and sacrifice in the path of Christ, may we uprear the city of our Lord.

Jesus Christ must be the leader in all our enterprises. Men look around in the various realms of knowledge and activity and find our age sadly lacking in leadership. The more disappointing our earthly leaders, the more steadfastly let us look to the captain of our salvation.

Only thou our leader be,

And we still will follow thee.

One thing our leader requires, that we follow through good and evil report, down in the darkest valley, up on the lonely height. Making mistakes, but at heart loyal men, stumbling, falling, but rising again, the early disciples followed their Lord.

They followed, they couldn't help it; but at last there came fear. They were amazed, afraid.

How shall we explain this fear? We see, as we read the Gospels, that it was their greatest hindrance, paralyzing them. "Fear not: it is I," Jesus had said to them before. The fear now was the fear of death for him they supremely loved, perhaps death for themselves. "Fear not: I am the resurrection, and the life." Only faith in this can deliver from such fear.

Other fears than that of death face the modern Christian disciple. The fear of truth is perhaps peculiar to this age. The realm of truth is becoming so vast and difficult we hesitate to venture into it. Shrinking, we remain in old, uncertain paths.

But why be afraid of truth?

Jesus said, *I am the truth*.

He has promised that his spirit shall lead us into the truth of God.

Fear is always worst when we feel ourselves alone. We do not crave the solitary adventure. But, entering the career of sacrifice, we have Christ with us and also our brethren. The sense of fellowship, of a great company, the Church of Christ, marching to the same goal, fortifies us.

The call is now for an adventurous Church.

The Church's great days always have been days of heroic adventure. Read Acts and see what the early Christians dared for Christ.

Later, when Northern nations pressed down upon Christendom, learn of the valourous adventures of the saints.

See the first missionaries prepared to give their lives to win brethren to the faith.

Behold the dark ages illumined by the splendid story of Francis of Assisi, doing exactly what the rich young man feared to do.

Rejoice in the glorious adventures of the Reformation when Luther, Calvin, Knox, braved ecclesiastical power for the sake of the truth.

Your Pilgrim Fathers, what were they but Christian adventurers of the noblest type?

What else was William Carey, the great missionary, with his motto,—

Attempt great things for God.
Expect great things of God.

The battle still is on. We are called to a new adventure, not less difficult, the regeneration and transformation of society in the name of the power of Christ.

"The old order changeth." The only new order that will stand is that of Christian fellowship, co-operation, brotherhood.

It is a tremendous task, the construction of a new society inspired by the ideals of Jesus.

Only by following Christ fully can we reach the beginning of success.

Let us therefore loyally adventure. "For the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Rev. J. R. Fleming, D.D., of Glasgow, as reported in the Boston Transcript.*

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—J. R. Lowell.

THE STILL HOUR.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it is Thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

—F. R. Havergal.

A brave man is never ashamed to confess a fault; he has courage to say: "I ask your pardon. I am sorry for what I have done. I will do my best for the time to come." It is cowards who are afraid to look back and face their faults, and so try to hide or deny them.—*M. L. Charlesworth.*

It is by coming to God every day, trusting in Him, leaning on His help, believing in His providence, conversing with Him in prayer, that we come to be at last as certain of God's presence and love as of our own existence.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

A single sin, however apparently trifling, *which we do not intend to renounce*, is enough to render real prayer impracticable.—*F. P. Cobbe.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to
Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.,
Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

NOTICE.

Please take notice that all letters for the Book Club *must be written in ink, and on one side, only, of the paper.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things or benefited by the same things.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers the following volumes: "The Lady of the Decoration," Frances Little (story of an American woman in Japan); "Marmion," Sir Walter Scott; "The Old Home House," Joseph C. Lincoln (story); "People of Destiny," Philip Gibbs (comments on America and Americans by a British traveller).

REQUESTS.

1. I wish to express my thanks to some friend who is sending me *The Cheerful Letter* through that paper. I enjoy getting it very much. I am a young married woman and should like to correspond or exchange books and magazines with other Cheerful Letter friends. I like to read, sew, embroider, tatt, and crochet, and would also enjoy exchanging ideas along some of these lines. Mrs. Lena I. Wood, Woolwine, Virginia, Route 1, Box 52.

2. Rev. C. W. Johnson, Ben Hur, Arkansas, will be glad of school-books for children.

3. Pauline Janell, Houston, Texas, Route A, Box 205 B, a poor girl who is lonely, will be glad of reading.

4. Mrs. H. P. Porter, Pilot Point, Texas, sends thanks for the reading which she has received. She lives in the country, four miles from town, has a boy three years of age who will be glad of cards and pictures, and she will be grateful for cotton pieces.

5. Will some one please send me the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1920? I shall be very thankful for it. Mrs. Fannie Thompson, Unionville, Virginia, Route 2, Box 31.

6. Miss Nora Carleton, Boomer, North Carolina, will greatly appreciate any lit-

erature that can be used in the school-room, in primary and intermediate work, especially the *Normal Instructor* and *Primary Plans*, and books of stories.

7. It has been some time since I have written a letter for publication. I am asking for some bits of ribbon for two orphan girls, aged seven and nine. Their mother was burned to death. They live near me and are so pitiful! I want to thank all who have been sending me reading. My mother lives with me; she is old and feeble. She would appreciate any scraps for quilts to help pass her lonely hours. Mrs. Bettie Hundley, Stuart, Virginia, Route 5.

8. I wrote the Cheerful Letter Exchange something like twelve years ago and received several books and magazines, for which I am sure thankful. I have been corresponding with one of the members ever since: have certainly enjoyed her good letters, also the reading matter she has sent me from time to time. There has been quite a change since I wrote so long ago. Now I have five boys, all large enough to read and enjoy it as much as I do; so I come asking for more reading. We are poor financially, and not able to buy. I ask especially that some one will send me the book entitled "The Prince of the House of David." I had it once, but loaned it to a friend and never got it back; so would like it for the children. Would like to get letters from all who care to write; will answer all I can. Mrs. Cretia Medlin, Hollis, Oklahoma.

9. I am very grateful to each of the dear Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in sending me patchwork, and wish I could write and thank each one individually. I hope these words of thanks will pass the waste-basket; and too, I would like very much to have one or more correspondents. Now I will close my words here, but not my many thanks. May God continue making each one a blessing. Miss Alberta Richardson, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, Box 81.

10. It has been some time since I received any reading from the Cheerful Letter friends, and as reading is my greatest pleasure I should be so pleased to get some more; any magazine or any book on foreign countries. Would be pleased to get the magazine *Asia*. My "baby boy" is still in the hospital; he

was gassed in France. Thanking you for past favors I would be pleased if you will continue to send me reading. I will be seventy-two the 19th of December. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia.

11. Miss Ree Browne, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, Route 2, sends thanks for reading and hopes for magazines and cards.

12. Mrs. W. D. Adams, Krum, Texas, Route 1, asks for reading, especially "Lion and the Mouse," and "God's Country and the Woman."

13. I am seventy-six years old and unable to do any kind of work, but greatly enjoy reading, and yet have good eyesight. I would appreciate any kind of reading,—novels, magazines, or anything to help pass the lonely hours. My husband is dead, and I live with my children. Civil War stories would be appreciated. Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Chelhouwia, Virginia, Star Route, Box 52.

14. I am a married woman twenty-six years old. I have two little girls aged six and three. I would be glad to get *The Cheerful Letter* or any good reading for myself. My health is not good and I get very lonely sometimes. Would especially be glad of little story-books or picture-books for the children. Would be real glad to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. A. A. Nance, Peachland, North Carolina, Route 1.

15. Will some of the dear, good friends please send me reading and patchwork? I am away from my people here in this small town. My husband has been out of work since February and we have no way to pay even the house rent. He could not leave me to go off to hunt work, for I have been in poor health. Am still weak, but I have a dear, sweet baby girl, born April 18. My husband is an ex-soldier and was gassed in France; he has to be very careful, he gets cold so easily since being gassed. I shall be more than thankful for any reading any one can send to my husband and me. My minister's address is Rev. Bora Erwin, Norwood, North Carolina. I shall be so glad if friends will write me, for I get very lonely here. I sincerely hope my husband can get work soon, for living is high here and we find it hard to get along. Dear friends, if you

only knew how discouraged we are, you would write me. God bless each *Cheerful Letter* worker is my prayer. I trust my letter will be published and some one will write me. Mrs. John Hill, Badin, North Carolina, Box 235.

16. I wish to thank my dear friends for their past kindness to myself and family, and I hope to hear from old friends again soon. I would appreciate any good reading and a few scraps-for patchwork. Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, Route 1.

17. I am coming asking for reading for myself and husband, and would be so glad of some scraps of gingham and calico, as I am not able to do anything but piece quilts. We lost our dear little baby two weeks ago and it seems so lonesome to do without it. I have four children living, three little boys and one little girl. The little boys would be glad of cards, and the little girl would like some bits of ribbon for her dolls. I hope I shall soon hear from my *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. Sam Wright, Sanville, Virginia.

18. I have received *The Cheerful Letter* for twenty years or more, but it is a long time since I have received reading, which would be greatly appreciated now, as my fifteen-year-old daughter had influenza a year ago, leaving her an invalid. Mrs. Rose Haller, 1309 Windsor Avenue, Australia, Washington.

19. Mrs. N. R. Bailey, Phoenix, Virginia, a widow living with a daughter, asks for any good fiction.

20. Mrs. J. W. Paige, McClungs, West Virginia, care of Nelson Fuel Company, is just out of the hospital and will appreciate any good reading; also something for her boys, Grandille, aged seven, and John, Jr., aged five.

21. Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, 209 North Market Street, Marietta, Pennsylvania, asks for magazines and his sons for the following books: Laurence would like to have one of the Tarzan books, other than "Tarzan of the Apes," which he has; David would like a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." Rev. Mr. Wilson conducts free a circulating magazine and periodical exchange among the poor and afflicted, making up bundles of interesting reading and

arranging for the presentation and exchange of the matter. All of this is done without expense to the beneficiaries. Odds and ends of different magazines or periodicals and reading matter of any kind is always acceptable to the people among whom he labors.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

WHERE NEIGHBORS WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER.

The *Survey* recently published an article about "community" enterprises, which tells of some interesting ways in which country neighbors in various places are working together for the benefit of their neighborhood as a whole.

In one place in Kentucky, people (men and women, boys and girls) have worked to build foot-bridges for the school-children. They improved the grounds about the schoolhouse and set out shade-trees. They earned and contributed money to buy a flag, a bell, and lights for the school-building. They keep a community pig in a pen not far from the schoolhouse, at a spot where it is convenient for several different families all to send food. The pig is to be sold and the money spent for some general pleasure—a Christmas festival or something else in which all may share.

The *Woman Citizen* in one of its recent issues tells how the New York State League of Women Voters is trying to learn just what most needs to be done for the small country schools to make them more serviceable in the neighborhoods where they are located. They say that a more genuine and live interest on the part of parents and neighbors is the first necessity. Where there is real interest, it is always possible to improve conditions (as those Kentucky friends did).

The New York women are keeping their eyes open in regard to such points as these: Is the school building kept neat and clean? Are the windows and desks so arranged that light falls on the children's books, instead of shining into their eyes and giving them headaches? (The positions of the windows cannot be changed, but desks can be made to face in another direction.) Is the heating sufficient for cold weather? Can the windows be opened readily to let out impure air and let in clean air? Is there a proper supply of water for drinking and for hand-

washing, and do children bring their own towels for personal use? Everybody knows now—though very few people realized it in old times—that colds and sore eyes and a great variety of troublesome diseases are spread by letting several children use a common towel.

And—one item of specially serious importance—are proper toilets provided, kept tidy, and used in the right way? This is a matter which mothers and fathers should make it their business to secure.

Genuinely well-kept school premises are something in which any country community may well take pride. The neighborhood schoolhouse ought to be a really attractive centre and gathering-place for friendly people, old and young. Often such a schoolhouse takes the place of a church building on Sundays. It is where folks come happily together on week-day evenings for concerts and spelling-matches, debates, dramas—all the many good times for which we need our neighbors.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

HOW PHAETON DROVE THE SUN-HORSES.

People in Christian lands to-day know that there is one God who made all things and rules all and cares for all. But there were many long centuries when nobody was sure of this. People saw the same beautiful and wonderful sights that we see, but they had to guess at the reasons for them as best they might.

For instance, everybody saw the sun rise in the morning, sweep higher up into the sky at noon, and then sink quite out of sight at night. Nobody then understood that our own world is constantly turning from west to east. Nobody then knew that this motion first brings us in sight of the immense, glowing sphere of the sun and then carries us out of range of its light. So it was natural enough that people should make up all sorts of fanciful fairy stories about it.

The people of Greece, long ago, used to tell their boys and girls that the sun was alive,—a wonderfully grand and powerful Being who every day drove a team of fire horses across the sky overhead. Old Greek tales also declared that this sun-god had a son named Phaeton* and several young daughters. The son used to beg to be allowed to drive his father's chariot, but was told that it was no easy task to man-

* Pronounced Fay'-e-ton.

age the horses and to keep them in exactly the right path over the arching sky. No; it could not be allowed!

One morning, very, very early, Phaeton seized his chance to try. The sisters harnessed the horses to the chariot before the father was quite ready, and off he started, quite by himself.

At first it was great fun, as the eager horses went prancing up sky-hill. Phaeton could look down through the clear air and see fields and woods, lakes and rivers, spread out below. But before long the ride began to be exciting as well as interesting. The horses were inclined to run all sorts of ways. It certainly did need great care to keep them where they belonged. Indeed, to his great dismay, he soon found he could not keep them where they belonged.

The steeds went rushing away much too far from the earth; and at once a part of the world grew so cold that trees and plants died. Snowdrifts and sheets of ice took the place of pleasant farms. (Those were what we now call the Arctic regions.)

Phaeton pulled, and shouted, and made the galloping horses get back into the regular path.

Again they pulled wildly out of the appointed road and went plunging down much too near the earth. Such fearful heat as that made! In the overwarmed countries all grass withered and died. Every forest was baked dry. Only bare brown sands were left. (That means regions like the equatorial deserts of Northern Africa.)

It was only after a terrific struggle that the runaway horses could be driven back to the right sky-road. And, at the last moment, just as Phaeton had gone down quite near to the usual stopping-place, the chariot hit the edge of a mountain and was upset. The rash young driver was thrown out and killed.

The sisters, who had been partly to blame for the whole affair, because they helped Phaeton in his disobedience, were changed into poplar or aspen trees. Even to this day, whenever there is the slightest breath of wind in the air, they tremble and whisper together.

The boy said the water was not deep, and the rider started to cross, but he and his horse had to swim. When he reached the opposite bank, he shouted, "I

thought you said it wasn't deep." "No more it is," called back the boy; "it only takes father's ducks up to their middles."

Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.

He: "Yes, I certainly like good food and always look forward to the next meal."

She: "Why don't you talk of higher things once in a while?"

He: "But, my dear, what is higher than food?"

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

FILL IN THE BLANKS.

Same letters differently arranged.

Come, farmer, fill the flowing — until
their — run over. I cannot — at this —
But — right into Dover.

—*Exchange.*

II.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Who was the fastest runner in the world?
2. Who first introduced salt meat in the Navy?
3. What is the greatest surgical operation on record?
4. How do you know Cæsar had an Irish sweetheart?
5. When was beef-tea introduced into England?

Answers to puzzles in September number.

I. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. S. T. Coleridge. 2. William Shakespeare. 3. Thomas Moore. 4. Edmund Spenser. 5. Samuel Rogers.

II. STUNG GAME.—Adjusting. 2. Fast-ing. 3. Tasting. 4. Coasting. 5. Roasting.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way,
Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange,
Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L.
Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston,
Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols,
25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Subscriptions to this paper (50 cents per year) should be sent to The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be payable to The Cheerful Letter Exchange.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do personal canvassing during the year and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass.

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here, which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.